2: Mountford E-5 (1954) 1958
OI20 Tiwi OI20

the dead, they should never be taken from him. *Maratji* was so angry over this white man's act of sacrilege that he created a heavy storm to sink the boat and so prevent the theft.

The Maratjis at Maundu

Maundu, a freshwater lagoon on the south-western shores of Bathurst Island is the home of many *Maratjis*, males, females and children, under a leader called *Orini*. The water which flows from the lagoon, across the beach into the sea, is reddish in colour. This, according to the aborigines, is stained by the faeces of the *Maratjis*.

The aborigines of the adjoining *Mandubuka* totem are the only people safe from the attacks of the *Maratjis* of Maundu. To protect a stranger who has to go near Maundu, one of the local men, wiping the perspiration from his own armpits, rubs it over his companion.

The familiar body odour misleads the *Maratjis*, who do not attack the newcomer. Should this strange aboriginal have to cross the stream that flows from Maundu to the sea, a local man first makes the water muddy, then, walking through it instructs the stranger to step in his tracks. The stranger must recompense his guide for this protection. Should the stranger become thirsty and none of the local men are with him, he can safely drink at Maundu if he first makes the water muddy. At the *pukamuni* ceremony of *Waniamperi* which we witnessed at Melville Island, an elderly aboriginal, *Jibunglialumi*, whose nose had been eaten away by yaws, attributed his deformity to the attack of a *Maratji* because he drank from the clear, not the muddy water, of Maundu.

Even when a group of local aborigines has to pass the Maundu lagoon, they travel in single file, the elder men first, the younger men next, then the women and children, each adult placing his feet exactly in the footmarks of the person in front. No woman, during the period of her menses, must go near Maundu. If she did, *Maratji* would kill her. There are good ochres of many colours at Maundu but no one will use them. Tradition tells of an aboriginal, called *Alumgun*, who lost his life because he disregarded this taboo.

One side of a female *pukamuni* basket, Pl. 48c (indicated by the central hole), deals with the myth of *Maratji* at Maundu.

The central hole in the basket is the freshwater lagoon, Maundu; the radiating lines, *a*, *a*, etc., are the *Maratjis* and those at *b*, *b*, etc., strips of white sand on the bottom of the lagoon. The darker circles indicate the red (stained) water which runs from the lagoon, across the beach, into the sea, and the

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 OI20 Tiwi OI20

evening to kill geese. When they returned with only three geese, a long conference was held. I offered all the food I could spare and it was decided that, in return for a few yams and some of the goose, I should make dampers and put jam on them for the children, all of whom were under five and very hungry, and give small pieces of tobacco to the men and women. This was Albert's, Agnes's, and Big Jack's tobacco, and so everyone traded something and all pronounced it a fair deal. I cooked the damper, smothered it with jam and, with Agnes prompting, called, "Kakritjui Kali." "Little ones, come." The five who could walk, ran, then stood shyly by while I handed each a piece; then they ran back to their mothers. Soon they were back and, nudged by their mothers, all murmured "Thank you very much." This was a phrase I never heard, either in the native language or in English, when they were receiving from another native. Giving and receiving were so much a part of their life that among themselves "thank you's" seemed unnecessary.

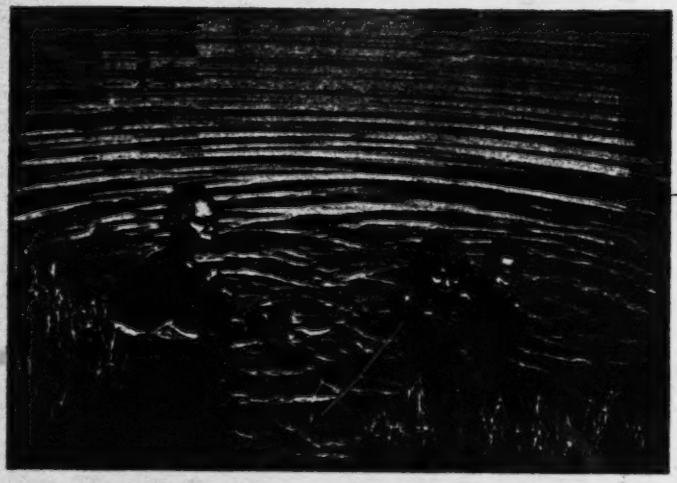

Fig. 14. Agnes, Filicy, and Crissy-boy cooling off in the river